

An excellent BALLAD of *GEORGE BARNWELL*, an Apprentice in the City of *LONDON*, who was Undone by a *STRUMPET*, who caused him thrice to Rob his Master, and to Murder his Uncle in *Ludlow*, &c. To the Tune of, *The Merchant*, &c.

ALl Youths of fair England,
that dwell both far and near,
Regard my Story that I tell,
and to my Song give ear,
A London Lad I was,
a Merchant's Prentice bound,
My name George Barnwel, that did spend
my Master many a pound.
Take heed of Harlots then,
and their enticing trails,
For by that means I have bin brought
to hang alive in chains.
As I upon a day
was walking through the street,
About my Master's business,
I did a Wanton meet,
A gallant dainty Dame,
and sumptuous in attire,
With smiling looks she greeted me,
and did my name require:
Which when I had declar'd,
she gave me then a kiss,
And said, If I would come to her,
I should have more than this:
In faith my Boy (quoth she)
such news I can you tell,
As shall rejoice thy very heart,
then come where I do dwell.
Fair Mistress, then said I,
'If I the place may know,
'This evening I will be with you;
'for I abroad must go
'To gather monies in.
'that is my Master's due,
'And ere that I do home return,
'I'll come and visit you.
Good Barnwel, then (quoth she)
do thou to Shoreditch come,
And ask for Mistress Milwood there,
next row unto the gun;
And trust me on my truth,
if thou keep touch with me,
For thy friends sake, and as my own heart
thou shalt right welcome be.
Thus parted we in peace,
and home I passed right,
Then went abroad and gathered in,
by six a clock at night,
An hundred pound and one,
with bag under my arm,
I went to Mistress Milwood's house,
and thought on little harm:
And knocking at the door,
straightway herself came down,
Ruffling in most brave attire,
her hood and sleeves gown.
Who through her beauty bright,
so gloriously did shine,
That she amaz'd my darling eyes,
she seemed so divine.
She took me by the hand,
and with a modest grace,
Welcome sweet Barnwel, then (quoth she)
unto this homely place;
Welcome ten thousand times,
more welcome than my Brother,

And better welcome I protest
than any one or other:
And saying I have thee found
as good as thy word to be,
I homely supper ere thou part,
thou shalt take here with me.
'O pardon me (quoth I)
'fair Mistress, I you pray,
'For why, out of my Master's house
'so long I dare not stay.
alas, good Sir, she said,
are you so strickt to d,
You may not with your dearest friend
one hour or two abide:
Faith then the case is hard,
if it be so (quoth she)
I would I were a Whore's bound,
to live in house with thee:
Therefore my sweetest George,
list well what I do say,
And do not blame a Woman much,
her fancy to betray:
Let not affection's force
be counted lewd desire,
For think it not unmodest
I should thy love require.
With that she turn'd aside,
and with a blushing red,
A mournful motion she bewray'd;
by holding down her head:
A handkerchief she had
all wrought with silk and gold,
Which she to stay her trickling tears,
against her eyes did hold.
This thing unto my sight
was wondrous, rare and strange,
And in my mind and inward thoughts
it wrought a sudden change:
That I so hardy was,
to take her by the hand,
Saying, 'Sweet Mistress why do you
'so sad and heavy stand?
Call me no Whore's now,
but Sarah thy true friend,
The Whore's Sarah, honouring thee
until her life doth end:
If thou would'st here alledge
thou art in years a Boy,
So was Adonis, yet was he
fair Venus's love and joy.
Thus I that ne'er before
of Woman found such grace,
And seeing now so fair a Dame
give me a kind embrace;
I slept with her that night
with joys that did abound,
And for the same paid presently,
in money twice three pound:
An hundred kisses then,
for my farewell she gave,
Saying, Sweet Barnwel, when shall I
again thy company have?
O say not so long my Dear,
Sweet George, have me in mind.
Her words bewitcht my childishness,
she uttered them so kind.

To that I made a vow,
next Sunday without fail,
With my sweet Sarah once again,
to tell some pleasant tale.
When she heard me say so,
the tears fell from her eyes,
O George, quoth she, if thou dost fail,
thy Sarah sure will die.
Though long, yet loe at last,
the pointed day was come,
That I must with my Sarah meet,
having a mighty sum
Of money in my hand,
unto her house went I.
Whereas my Love upon her bed
in saddest sort did lye:
'What ails my heart's delight,
'my Sarah dear, quoth I,
'Let not my Love lament and grieve,
'nor sighing pine and dye,
'But tell to me my dearest friend,
'what may thy woes amend,
'And thou shalt lack no means of help,
'though forty pound I spend.
With that she turn'd her head,
and sighs thus did say,
O my sweet George, my grief is great,
ten pounds I hate to pay
Unto a cruel Whore's,
and God be knows, quoth she,
I hate it not. 'Tush rise, quoth he,
'and take it here of me;
'Ten pounds, nor ten times ten
'shall make my love decay.
Then from his bag into her lap,
he cast ten pound straightway.
A blith and pleasant then,
to banquetting they go,
She proffered him to lye with her,
and said it should be so:
And after that same time,
I gave her store of coyn;
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once,
all which I did purloyn.
And thus I did pass on,
until my Master then.
Did call to have his reckoning in
cast up among his Men.
The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say,
For well I knew that I was out
two hundred pounds that day.
Then from my Master straight
I ran in secret sort,
And unto Sarah Milwood then
my state I did report.
But how she us'd this Youth
in this his extrem need,
The which did her necessity
so oft with money feed;
The Second Part behold,
shall tell it forth at large,
And shall a Strumpet's wily way,
with all her tricks discharge.

The Second PART of *GEORGE BARNWELL*, to the same Tune.

Here comes young Barnwell unto thee,
Sweet Sarah, my Delight,
I am undone except thou stand
my faithful Friend this night:
Our Master to command accounts,
hath just occasion found,
And I am found behind the hand
almost two hundred pound:
And therefore knowing not at all,
what answer for to make,
And his displeasure to escape,
my way to thee I take;
Hoping in this extremity,
thou wilt my succour be,
That for a time I may remain
in safety here with thee.
With that she knit and bent her brows,
and looking all a quoy,
Quoth she, What should I have to do
with any Practice-boy?
And seeing you have purloyn'd and got
your Master's goods away.
The case is bad, and therefore here
I mean thou shalt not stay.
Why Sweet heart thou knowst, he said,
that all which I did get,
I gave it and did spend it all
upon thee every whit:
Thou knowst I loved thee so well,
thou couldst not ask the thing,
But that I did incontinent,
the same unto thee bring.
Quoth she, Thou art a paultry Jack,
to charge me in this sort,
Being a Woman of credit good,
and known of good report:
But therefore this I tell thee flat,
be packing with good speed,
I do bid thee from my hearth,
and from thy filthy bed.
Is this the love and friendship which
thou didst to me profess?
Is this the great affection which
you seemed to express?
Now be on all deceitful shows,
the best is I may speed,
To get a lodging any-where,
for money in my need:
Therefore false Woman now farewell,
while twenty pound doth last,
My anchor in some other haven
I will with wisdom cast.
When she perceived by his words,
that he had money store,
That she had gull'd him in such sort,
it griev'd her heart full sore:
Therefore to call him back again,
she did suppose it best:
Stay George, quoth she, thou art so quick,
why should I do but jest;
Think'st thou for all my past speech
that I would let thee go?
Faith no, quoth she, my love to thee
I wish is more than so.
You will not deal with Practice-boys,
I heard you even now swear,

Therefore I will not trouble you.
The George hath in thine ear,
Thou shalt not go to night, quoth she,
what chance thou'rt set on,
But when we'll have a bed for thee,
or else the Devil take all.
Thus I that was with wiles betwixt
and snar'd with fancy still,
Hath not the power to put away,
or to withstand her will.
Then wine and wine I called in,
and cheer upon good cheer,
And nothing in the World I thought
for Sarah's love too dear:
Whilst I was in her company
in joy and merriment,
And all too little I did think,
that I upon her spent:
A fee for care and careful thoughts,
when all my gold is gone,
In faith my Girl we will have more,
whoever it light upon.
My Father's rich, why then, quoth I,
should I want any gold?
With a Father indeed, quoth she,
a Son may well be bold.
I have a Sister richly wed,
I'll rob her ere I'll want;
Why then, quoth Sarah, they may well
consider of your want.
Nay more than this, an Uncle I have
at Ludlow he doth dwell,
He is a Grasier, which in wealth
doth all the rest excel:
Ere I will live in lack, quoth he,
and have no coin for thee,
I'll rob his house and murder him:
Why should you not, quoth she:
Ere I would mean, were I a Span,
as live in penury still.
On Father, Friends, and all my kin,
I would my talents grate:
For without money, George, quoth she,
a Span is but a beast.
And bringinge wrong thou shalt be
always my chiefest guest.
For say thou shouldst purchase be
with twenty Quers and Cops,
And with a warrant search'd for
with Argus hundred eyes:
Yet in my house thou shalt be safe,
such private ways there be,
That if they sought an hundred years
they could not find out thee.
And so carousing in their cups,
their pleasures to content,
George Barnwell had in little space
his money wholly spent.
Which being done, to Ludlow then
he did provide to go,
To rob his wealthy Uncle then,
his Mission would it so;
And once or twice he thought to take
his Father by the way.
But that he thought his Master had
took order for his stay:

Directly to his Uncle then
he rode with might and main,
Where with welcome and good cheer
he did him entertain:
A fortnight's space he stayed there,
until it chanced so,
His Uncle with his cattle did
unto a mark go:
His Kinsman needs must ride with him,
and he saw right plain,
Great stores of money he had took;
in coming home again,
Most suddenly with in a wood
he struck his Uncle down,
And beat his brains out of his head,
so sore he crackt his crown:
And four score pound in ready coin
cut of his purse he took,
And coming into London Town,
the Country quite forsook:
To Sarah still more then he came,
showing his store of gold,
And how he had his Uncle slain,
to her he plainly told,
Tush, it's no matter, George, quoth she,
so we the money have,
To have such cheer in jolly sort,
and deck us fine and brave.
And thus they liv'd in filthy sort,
till all his store was gone,
And means to get them any more,
I wish poor George had none.
And therefore now in railing sort,
she thrust him out of door,
Which is the just reward they get,
that spend upon a Whore:
O do me no: this foul disgrace,
in this my need, quoth she.
She called him a base and Murderer,
with all despight might be.
And to the Constable she went
to have him apprehended,
And shew'd in each degree how far
he had the law offended.
When Barnwell saw her drift,
to see he got straightway,
Where fear and dread and conscience flew
upon him, he doth stay:
When the Mayor of London then,
he did a letter write,
Wherein his own and Sarah's faults
he did at large recite.
Whereby she apprehended was,
and then to Ludlow sent.
Where she was judg'd, condemn'd and hang'd
for murder incontinent.
And there this gallant Queen did dye,
this was her greatest gain:
For murder in England
was Barnwell hang'd to shame.
Lo, here's the End of wretched Youth,
that after filthiness hunt,
Who in the flesh of other Men,
about the streets do hunt.

Licenc'd and Acted according to a